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A Tribute to Men to Whom Tribute is Due.

The Americans who signed the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia in 1776 committed their lives to the successful outcome of their solemn purpose. Failure to achieve independence by force of arms meant death to them, the death of the traitor to his government. No signer of that immortal covenant flinched his name thereto without a full realization of the gravity of his act, without a full realization of what it meant to his fellow colonists, and to himself.

It called for sublime courage, courage of the highest order, for that little band of fifty-five signers to pledge themselves to American independence, to pledge defiance to the powerful British Empire even at the cost of death to themselves.

Without any idea of forcing a historical parallel or inviting a comparison of the physical and moral risks involved THE SUN now calls attention to the courage and patriotism of those Senators of the United States who on March 3, 1919, deliberately pledged themselves and their political fortunes to the preservation of that American independence which the signers of 1776 declared.

It is an interesting coincidence that the number of Senators opposed to incorporating in the treaty of peace the covenant or constitution of the League of Nations in its present form has been estimated at fifty-five, the exact number of the signers of 1776.

However this may be, the pledged names read in the Senate chamber by Senator Lodge on the eve of President Wilson's second departure for Europe are numerically more than sufficient even without accessions to prevent the ratification of any treaty into which President Wilson's efforts shall have woven a covenant of surrender of any part of that American independence which the signers of the earlier declaration proclaimed and obtained for our Republic.

This is the central fact of the situation. Its importance cannot be blinked. The pledged names of March 3 stand as an insuperable obstacle to the relinquishment by treaty of any part of that independence of foreign control which the signers of 1776 declared, to the impairment in any respect of American sovereignty, to the abandonment in any degree of the American policy comprehended in the Monroe Doctrine.

To the courage and foresight of these signers of 1919 all honor and all gratitude! They and those who will join them are confirming and safeguarding that same sacred principle which their illustrious predecessors declared and risked their lives to establish.

A Typical Democrat Who Can't Stand His Party.

To anybody who saw the Hon. Joseph W. Bailey when he first shone on Washington it must have appeared that this was a man who not only was a Democrat, but would be a Democrat, in this and other worlds, until at least ten minutes past the expiration of Time itself.

How beautiful he was! Smooth and handsome was the face of him who had been the prettiest baby ever born in Copiah county, Mississippi. Classic and unwarlike were the features of him who had been the youngest Presidential Elector designated by Georgia to vote for Mr. Cleveland in 1884, when Joe was 21. He not only beamed upon Democracy, but dressed the part. The black, broad-brimmed hat, the white string tie, the low cut waistcoat, the generous

Prince Albert, all became the godlike Texan who entered the House in 1861, at the age of 28.

He was the picture of infinite Democracy, and yet, at 56, he leaves the Democratic party. It constantly reduces liberty and increases taxes, he says; which nobody can deny. If we have fault to find with Joe's action it is in the manner of it. Any person resigning from the Democratic party should cable his resignation to Paris. If the Democratic party still exists it certainly is not on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Spring.

Perfect is here, having arrived in spring normal condition.

It is a spring to be taken advantage of for several reasons.

It is the first peaceful spring since that of 1914.

It is the last spring for back beer, assuming that that dark nectar is intoxicating.

It is the last spring for May wine, assuming that the delectable stuff with the waldmeister flavor is intoxicating as has been averred.

Spring itself is an intoxicant, but no amendment to the Constitution can remove its cheering quality.

Be Just to the American Professional Soldiers.

Colonel William H. Hays' severe criticism of the professional soldiers of the United States, delivered in an address before the Circumnavigators Club in this city on Thursday evening, is a public and concrete statement of strictures that have been freely circulated in private since our troops began arriving home, and as such it is entitled to serious consideration.

Boiled down to its essentials, the Colonel's complaint is that our Regular Army commanders knew nothing of modern warfare, and that privates so little trained they did not know how to load their rifles were put on the firing line.

Everybody in the United States and everybody abroad who is interested in the subject knows that when we went to war we had nothing that could be called an army in the modern meaning of that word. We had made a demonstration on the Mexican border with regulars and National Guardsmen, but beyond that we had done nothing to prepare our defense except to establish the Plattsburg schools. Our regulars numbered about 100,000 men, being short of their authorized complement, and the units were short of officers. The National Guard had enjoyed scant opportunity to train, and the Government had done nothing to acquaint regulars or guardsmen with the new devices in use in Europe.

For this condition of affairs our professional soldiers were in no way to blame, and to suggest they were ignorant of our shortcomings is to ascribe an untruth. Nobody knew as well as they did how lamentably our military establishment had been neglected; nobody had labored as hard as they had to awaken the Administration to the dangers of the situation. Plattsburg was the creation of a regular officer, Major-General Leonard Wood; the instructors who tolled unceasingly there were regular officers whose enthusiasm and devotedness no man who was privileged to attend the training camps will ever forget.

The unpreparedness of the United States in 1917 is to be laid at the door of one man, and that man is Woodrow Wilson. Despite the frequent warnings he must have received, despite the danger that was apparent to every intelligent man in the United States, Woodrow Wilson refused to permit our people to arm and train to defend themselves. He ran for President in 1916 on the platform "He kept us out of war"; he broke with a far-sighted, intelligent Secretary of War because he would not acknowledge the necessities of the occasion; he appointed as that man's successor a pacifist, or near pacifist. To say the Government, or the Administration, was responsible for our weakness is to perpetrate a ghastly jest. Woodrow Wilson and Woodrow Wilson alone must bear the discredit for it.

When we went to war there was no misunderstanding of our situation in the army, or in the War Department, or in the White House. President, professional soldiers, converted pacifists, all were agreed on one thing. That was that we could not and should not send combat troops to France for a year. We could send money, munitions, we could send specialists; but we could not send what we did not have and could not improve, and that was combat divisions. Our plan, endorsed by professional soldiers and by informed civilians, was to create an army here, train the men here, and then send them across. That job was even more difficult than it sounds, for we did not have in the Regular Army, in the National Guard and among the training camp graduates a sufficient number of men to provide officers and non-commissioned officers to drill the recruits we knew we had to raise. The future drill masters must be taught hay foot straw foot before they could take command of squads for instruction. Nobody in the world realized this as acutely as did the professional army officers of America.

So we started out to raise, equip and train an army, if not at leisure, certainly without serious thought of putting it in the field before the spring or summer of 1918. And this programme France blew to smithereens in the spring of 1917.

The Viviani commission arrived here on April 24, and its members had scarcely set foot on shore before Marshal Joffre amazed President Wilson and astounded the public by de-

manding men. Men, trained or untrained, equipped or unequipped, he declared to be the immediate, pressing need of the Allies. He pleaded, urged, explained, and the burden of his message was men, men, men. Moreover, he had the support of all the other foreign military authorities, and there remained nothing for us to do except to send men.

Thus, instead of waiting a year to begin the overseas troop movement we began it at once, and necessarily. This unfortunately took many untrained men, and it took many trained regulars, who, it had been intended, should be kept here as instructors. The American troops who paraded in Paris on July 4, 1917, were largely recruits; they boasted later of one draft man who reached Camp Dix at midnight of one day and was on a transport passing Sandy Hook before noon the next. The orders to despatch the first division—regulars—were issued May 18. On the same day the President called for registration under the selective service act.

Under these conditions the United States sent its men to France, not because our professional soldiers or any other country's professional soldiers thought they were trained, but because the high command of the Allies demanded men. It was not American army officers who talked of native grit outweighing training; it was not West Point that chattered about one American lacking half a dozen Germans. That sort of folly came from others. But it was professional soldiers who made the best of a terrible crisis, who conformed their own plans to the grim requirements of a desperate situation and set in motion the flood of men who, armed somehow, somewhere, trained somehow, somewhere, added the strength the Allies needed to beat the German army back and win the war in the summer and fall of 1918, six months before professional American soldiers had expected to begin their first great military movement, a year before the most sanguine expected victory to be achieved, and with losses in dead, wounded and captured infinitely below what the most optimistic calculated on.

We have passed the peak of emotional exaltation. We are in the back wash of depression. We are entering on a period of criticism, exposure and recrimination. This is all inevitable. But in the ensuing time of lamentation and accusation let us be just to our professional soldiers, let us remember how the regulars fought, and let us always bear in mind that the Woodrow Wilson kept us unprepared for war, and fate deprived us of the time to train after we entered the struggle.

Pauline Markham.

Although Miss Pauline Markham, who died in New York on Thursday at the age of 72, is remembered principally because she was one of the company which Lydia Thompson brought from England to play in "The Black Crook," she was also successful in legitimate drama. In 1880, twelve years after the British Blondes landed on these shores, she appeared as the star in "A Celebrated Case" and "The Two Orphans," the second of which Miss Clayton had made popular. These productions were Frank Lawless, sometime husband of Josie Mansfield.

Miss Markham, who spent most of the last half century in New York, and others of the Thompson troupe who, like her, retired comparatively early to private life, must have smiled more than once in the last twenty years at the change in the public attitude toward "girl shows," of which "The Black Crook" was the first ever seen on Broadway. To the America of fifty years ago the imported burlesque was the essence of glided wickedness. Of course it was not at all wicked, and it would be a morality play beside some of the stage exhibitions of the present New York, but the pious people of the late '80s had to gasp at something.

Judge Mayer's Receivers.

The traction situation in New York city has been reduced to financial chaos by internal and external influences which have put the Brooklyn Rapid Transit and the Interborough Consolidated Corporation in the hands of receivers.

The managements of the corporations are partly to blame; the State and municipal governments are partly to blame; the public itself is partly to blame.

The progressive impairment of the corporation treasuries has been a matter of notoriety for years. The consequent deterioration of their services has affected 5,000,000 persons every day of their lives.

The plight of the owners of the roads must not be spoken of; the singular state of public temper toward them is revealed in the fact that nobody dares to raise a voice in their behalf when their holdings are deliberately transformed from assets into liabilities.

All that can be said now is that events have reached their inevitable culmination in the bankruptcies with which the court must deal; and this community is singularly fortunate in having Judge Mayer to protect all the interests concerned. He has selected gentlemen of unimpeachable honesty, great ability and high repute to act as receivers, Judge Garbarino to save what can be salvaged of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Judge Hedges to do the same for the New York Railways Company and James R. Sheppard for the Interborough.

Judge Mayer has done more; he has set himself firmly against the ancient abuse which treated bankruptcy

as an opportunity to enrich favorites of the court and to loot the involved properties for the benefit of political parasites. The misgivings which filled the hearts of fee hunters when Judge Mayer incontinently refused to name unnecessary receivers to fatten the judicial payroll, and on the selection of Judge Hedges and Mr. Sheppard it was intensified until no other word except we fittingly describes it.

The number of leeches now cursing the court exceeds any record heretofore set; who has ever heard before of two great public service corporations undergoing the pains of reconstruction without affording a cent's worth of sustenance for lame ducks or suffering the ministrations of those who would wreck the properties to fill their own pockets?

To the name of FREDERICK AUGUSTUS SCHERMERHORN, whose death at the Union Club came at the dramatic moment of his turning to salute Old Glory, there is already a splendid memorial. Of the many buildings of which Columbia University boasts, Schermerhorn Hall is a most cherished possession. Mr. Schermerhorn, himself a trustee of the university, a graduate of the School of Mines, class of 1868, dedicated this edifice to the scientific studies, geology and biology, chemistry and physics. In this building there are at present geological exhibits only rivaled by those of the Museum of Natural History. To his alma mater the name of FREDERICK SCHERMERHORN will never be dear.

My first duty is to ascertain the facts, and this will be done to the best of my ability. I shall attempt to form no opinion until I have all the facts in mind, and then they will be placed before the court.—Receivers Jos E. Hedges.

A singularly old fashioned attitude to take toward any public question. The popular thing to do is to form an opinion and then pick out the facts to uphold it.

Perhaps Dr. Wilkins thinks Nassau county jurists regard all killings within the bonds of matrimony as beyond the jurisdiction of human courts of justice.

Readers of THE SUN who have enjoyed the reminiscences of FRANK DUMONT on matters of the theatre will regret to learn of the death of that veteran performer, the great old fashioned minstrel who had his own theatre as well as his own companies. Mr. Dumont, who was a troupe singer with GEORGE CHRISTY's troupe at 555 Broadway before the first war, made Philadelphia his headquarters from 1912 to 1918, and at 70 he was as much interested in his business as he had been at 17. FRANK DUMONT is also remembered by the stagegoers of the last generation as a playwright. He wrote "The Rainmakers" for DONNELLY and GRAM, "Marked for Life" and a dozen other dramas now generally forgotten.

What a coincidence that the Karl-Lieps who wrote the report on the proposed British war cemetery also wrote the words "Least we forget!"

In the matter of this transatlantic aerial flight there is of course no precedent; but the voyages of COLUMBUS and the American steamship Savannah can be looked upon as the logical precursors of the impending great event in interhemispheric transportation. Since the days of the Genoese navigator human credence has kept pace with human progress, COLUMBUS met derision and scorn, the Savannah met derision and scorn, and today the world's greatest feat is to be accomplished by a man of the same name.

Senator Wadsworth fears Secretary of War Hays will wreck the air service.—Newspaper headline.

Hans? He wrecked it already?

Even more amazing than the display of perseverance and mathematical skill involved in computing incomes so irregular are the facts that a bellboy's profits amounted to \$6,000 and a bookbinder's to \$10,000.

What the income tax returns reveal in these cases is the extent to which tipping has become an American practice. Granting the extraordinary politeness, diligence and industry of the bellboy, his accumulation of \$6,000 in \$65 days in small sums is remarkable.

When in April the Forty-second Division comes home, Rainbow chasing as a sport will not be confined to idealists exclusively.

DRYDOCKS IN QUAKER CITY.

Nation Will Build Them If Private Interests Do Not Act.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Drydocks for Philadelphia are now assured. And it is quite possible that they will be built by Philadelphia capital in spite of repeated pleas by officials of the Emergency Fleet Corporation that financial men of the city had looked upon the project with skepticism.

Howard Conoley, vice president of the Shipping Board, said yesterday that the erection of three drydocks here was a certainty; that he thought it possible that the transaction would be put through with private capital and that regardless of the docks were assured because of the Government action has not been taken by local financial interests the Government will at that time begin dredging at the navy yard, where the drydocks will be located.

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MR. LONGWORTH'S INTERESTING JOB.

Building Backfires in Certain Congress Districts to Warm, Warm and Enlighten Members With Ambitions.

Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio is the leader of a movement already interesting and having possibilities of large political importance.

When the House Republican caucus agreed upon the election of Mr. Longworth as Speaker of the Sixty-sixth Congress a second move in the progressive programme was attempted by Winslow of Massachusetts which had for its aim the preservation of real seats on the floor for Mann and Mann.

Representative Winslow, in committee chairmanship, was proposed by Mann as a substitute for that proposed by two of the clearest political strategists in the House, Uncle Joe Cannon, no less, and Frank Mondell of Montana. The immediate result was well known: a resolution offered by Mann as a substitute for that proposed by Winslow was adopted by the caucus.

This outcome might have been the same had Winslow been as adept at the game as were the veterans opposing him, as they probably had been necessary voters secured up in their seats by the caucus.

But that is not the point. Winslow, might resent the suggestion that he is versed in the political ways of those who were his undoing.

Acting upon the Mann resolution a caucus was held, and a committee was created and has designed nearly all the Republican members of the Sixty-sixth Congress for committee assignments. These designations include a number of chairmanships known to be unsatisfactory not only to a number of Republican Representatives but to some gentlemen of the legislature at the other end of the Capitol and some not at present engaged as Uncle Sam's hired men, but who have hopes. These committee designations are not final; they must be confirmed by a caucus before they become effective.

The solution of Mr. Longworth, an opportunity of which he has taken advantage. He is out with a torch starting, or trying to start, backfires in a number of districts with the hope of driving into the anti-Mann camp certain members who have shown a willingness to accept the terms of the Mann programme.

That the Longworth activities have disturbed Mann is clearly indicated by the nature of his first comment thereon. To try to discredit Longworth by the action of view of the international agreements are scraps of paper.